

The ONE THING NO MAN IS GREAT ENOUGH TO DO - TEMPT FATE WITH HIS HAT

Strictest Rules of Convention Govern the Style, Color, and Angle of a Man's "Lid." Women, However, Are Privileged to Sport Almost Anything as Headgear, From a Wisp of Straw and a Few Violets to a Wad of Crumpled Felt.

What Man So Brave as to Sport a Trailing Peacock Feather in His Tile While Walking Along the Avenue? How Would a Bishop Look Tricked Out in a Red Tennis Hat, or a "Prominent Banker" Appear With a Bunch of Grapes on His Fedora?

NO man is great enough to tempt fate with his hat. This, however, does not apply to women. A man may wear his coat, vest, and trousers cut in almost any style, made of almost any material, and patterned with almost any colors; he may leave his trousers uncreased, or he may press them with a "butterknife" edge, and he may roll them up at the bottoms or leave them down without attracting undue attention. But he can't try shifts with his headgear without endangering his reputation. Conventional society will allow him to be comparatively lax when it comes to most of his wearing apparel, but as far as his hat—

Not A thousand times no!

Ruled by Style and Color. Usually a man's hat must be black, or brown, or gray, or white, or with variations of the brown and gray. Even then, the style rules the color. No citizen in good standing with even a nebulous idea of sartorial propriety would think of wearing a white or brown or gray silk hat. Imagine, for instance, how staid and dignified Senator Foraker would look

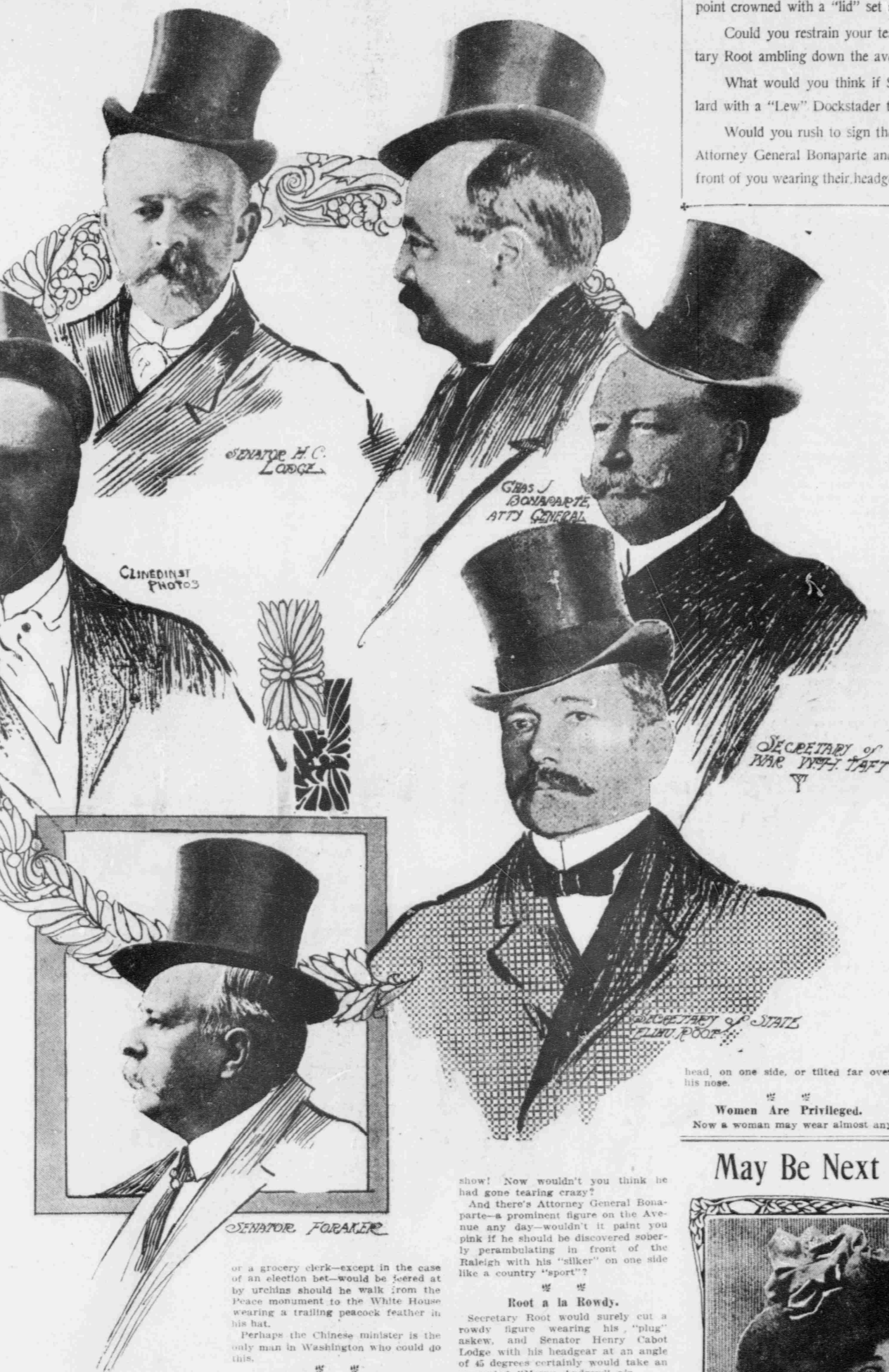
crowned with an old-fashioned dove-colored "Horace Greeley plug."

His friends probably would either cut him on the street, or think he had suddenly gone "dippy."

Red Hat for Cardinals Alone. Now you certainly couldn't expect a man to preserve his social standing and dignity if he should appear, say, on Dupont circle, with a red hat. That's all very well for cardinals and "kidds." But it wouldn't go with a Cabinet member, a "lion" of the diplomatic set, or any business or professional man in his right senses.

So you see, society pins a man down to particular colors for particular styles of hats. Two years or so ago, to be sure, the dark blue derby, its sides ornamented with white-rimmed ventilators, appeared on the horizon, but only momentarily. It looked so ungainly on the heads of the few "desperate" youths who adopted it, that most of the supply never left the shelves of the retail hatters until they were sent back to the wholesalers.

Imperative as to Angle. The rules of society next tie a man down as to the angle at which he must wear his "lid." Of course, a bishop couldn't appear in a tennis hat without exciting comment, if not laughter; of course, his silk hat must be black. He couldn't wear a cockade in it, after the manner of a footman and most certainly a bird's wing or a bunch of millinery,



flowers, and ribbon would be somewhat out of place. A church pillar, a prominent banker,

or a grocery clerk—except in the case of an election bet—would be jeered at by urchins should he walk from the Peace monument to the White House wearing a trailing peacock feather in his hat. Perhaps the Chinese minister is the only man in Washington who could go this.

Fairbanks Looks Rakish. How rakish Vice President Fairbanks would look with his "dicer" tipped far back on his poll! Just imagine the portly Secretary Taft with his "lid" put on awry like "Lew" Dockstader's in the minstrel

show! Now wouldn't you think he had gone tearing crazy? And there's Attorney General Bonaparte—a prominent figure on the Avenue any day—wouldn't it paint you pink if he should be discovered soberly perambulating in front of the Raleigh with his "silkier" on one side like a country "sport"?

Root a la Rowdy. Secretary Root would surely cut a rowdy figure wearing his "plug" askew, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge with his headgear at an angle of 45 degrees certainly would take an unwelcome "Merry Andrew" air. No, a man is no greater than his hat. A man of importance may possess all the known virtues and some of the unknown, but he cannot afford to so defy public opinion as to wear his hat habitually on the back of his

Wouldn't it make you feverish to see Secretary Taft's embonpoint crowned with a "lid" set on askew? Could you restrain your tears should you suddenly see Secretary Root ambling down the avenue, his "dicer" a la country sport? What would you think if Senator Foraker strode into the Willard with a "Lew" Dockstader tile tipped on one side? Would you rush to sign the pledge if Vice President Fairbanks, Attorney General Bonaparte and Senator Lodge should stalk in front of you wearing their headgear at three respective angles?

No Citizen in Good Standing Would Think of Wearing a White Silk "Stovepipe," a Horace Greeley "Plug," or a Mauve Derby to a Diplomatic Set Reception—Society May Seem Cruel About These Things, But the Law is as of the Medes and Persians.

kind of a hat. There could be nothing more outlandish than many of the modes. Milady's hat may be a little bunch of crumpled felt with a soft gob of ribbon smashed into it in spots; it may be a mere wisp of straw tricked out with a violet or two; it may be a towering affair of feathers and furbelows and buckles, cocked up in the back, and may be worn at any angle at which it will hang on. All this is the privilege of womanhood. A man, however, is no greater than his hat. Just take a look at the illustrations and see if it isn't so.

May Be Next Queen of Servia



This picture shows Lady Marjorie Manners, said to be the most beautiful woman in England. Prince Arthur of Connaught is desperately in love with her, and it is regarded as altogether probable that he will marry her. In this event it is not improbable that she may be the next Queen of Servia. There is a belief that a movement is on foot that will have the support of the powers to make the English prince, King of Servia and depose Peter Karageorgievitch, the successor of the murdered King Alexander.

THIS HUNTER IS AS DEAF AS AN ADDER, BUT HE CERTAINLY IS A WIZARD

ALTHOUGH since birth he has never heard a sound or uttered a word, Hans Farret is one of the best hunters and trappers in the Lake Minniska region. He resides due north of Sprucewood, Ontario, where he has lived for thirty-two years without seeing a larger settlement than a Hudson Bay Company's trading post. Farret is deaf and dumb, but enjoys perfect health, and has been so successful financially that he expects soon to give up the woods and settle on a farm in some civilized community. Thirty years ago he lived in the Lake St. John district, and there met a young woman who undertook to teach him to read and write. White she was thus employed pupil and instructor fell in love and were married. The union resulted in one child, now a youth of eighteen, who makes yearly trips to Nipigon for ammunition, traps, clothing and other necessities in wood-land life.

The elder Farret was seen recently by a sportsman from Toronto, who later spent several days in Sprucewood. The sportsman gives an interesting account of the hunter, his methods of trapping and hunting, and his aims and ambitions. "The family of three live in a neat log cabin of four rooms, and are devoted to each other," said the sportsman. "The mother and son speak exceptionally good English, but when they wish to converse with the father they use standard deaf and dumb signs. Apparently, they are all happy and satisfied with their lot. They, however, hope soon to move to some village, where the son, Arthur, may have the advantage of public schools. At present he is taught by his mother, who is fairly well educated. "Farret, I should say, is about fifty years old. He is erect, well built and muscular, and is the best student of animal life I ever saw. He is an expert in setting traps and can put a ball through the eye of a chickadee at 200 yards five times out of six. He doesn't know what the word excitement means, and to this he owes the fact that he is still alive, for many

times he has been attacked by wild beasts. These have taken him unawares now and then, as he could not hear them approach. "I naturally supposed the hunter was forced to depend wholly upon his eyes to detect both game and warnings of danger, but in this I was mistaken. He told me through his son, who acted as interpreter, that he had developed a sense which he declared was undetectable, but which hinges upon vibrations. It appears that as a result of being continually on the alert while in the forests the vibrations caused by sounds reach his sensitive brain through the medium of nerves in the ear passages and warn him of danger. He feels a lynx cry, a bear howl, a gun explode, but the voice of his wife has no effect at all. "So acute has this sense become that Farret sometimes is aware of the approach of deer or moose as they crash through the timber. He is, therefore, in little danger from beasts which attack him openly and make a noise about it. His greatest peril lies in lynxes, wildcats, and fishers, which lie in wait for their prey along the branches of trees. In daylight Farret

can detect these where an ordinary hunter would miss them, but at night he is at their mercy unless his keen sense of smell gives him warning. "His wife is responsible for the story that her husband was once hunting two miles from camp when he smelled doughnuts she was frying in a kettle over a bonfire. Being exceedingly fond of the cakes, he threw his gun over his shoulder and headed for home. At another time the odor of baked potatoes reached him a mile distant. Farret himself says that his nose is almost as good as a hound's, and that when snow is on the ground or the leaves are wet he can tell which way a deer is going by smelling of four or five tracks. He has been blindfolded to prove this, and has never failed. "Although he has shot hundreds of bears, lynxes, deer, and other animals, Farret, like other hunters in the district, relies for his supply of game on traps. He has scores of these set within a radius of 8 x miles from his cabin, and derives a substantial income from the sale of furs, which every spring are taken to the most convenient post of the Hudson Bay Company or sold to collectors who

make the round of the camps at given intervals. A large percentage of the returns goes for provisions and ammunition, but a little has been saved each year and this fund will eventually be used to buy a small farm. "I love the woods, but I realize that I can't live here always," this remarkable hunter told me, "so I am gradually making up my mind to settle down where my wife can see a neighbor now and then and my boy can go to school. Arthur knows a lot now," he added proudly, "but I want him to know more than his mother and father, and, of course, we can't teach him more than we know." Farret bears several scars he received in encounters with vicious animals, and on several occasions has been laid up for a week at a time as the result of unfortunate adventures. One seam in his thigh gives eloquent proof of a battle waged ten years ago with a wounded bear, and a patch of missing scalp is the trade-mark of a lynx which dropped on him while he was setting a trap and covering it with burnt hickory wood. On the whole, he has come off remarkably well."